Caſ. I humbly thanke your Ladiſhip. *Enter* Bianca.
Bian. Saue you friend *Caſsio.*
Caſ. What make you from home?
How is it with you my moſt faire *Bianca?*
Indeed ſweet loue I was comming to your houſe.
Bia. And I was going to your lodging *Caſsio*;
What, keepe a weeke away? ſeuen daies and nights,
Eightſcore eight houres, and louers abſent houres,
More tedious then the diall, eightſcore times,
Oh weary reckoning.
Caſ. Pardon me *Bianca,*
I haue this while with leaden thoughts bin preſt,
But I ſhall in a more continuate time,
Strike off this ſcore of abſence: ſweet *Bianca,*
Take me this worke out.
Bia. Oh *Caſsio,* whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend
To the felt abſence, now I feele a cauſe,
I'ſt come to this? well, well.
Caſ. Go to woman,
Throw your vile gheſſes in the deuills teeth,
From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,
That this is from ſome Miſtris, ſome remembrance,
No in good troth *Bianca.*
Bia. Why, whoſe is it?
Caſ. I know not ſweet, I found it in my chamber,
I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,
Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.
Bia. Leaue you, wherefore?
Caſ. I doe attend here on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To haue him ſee me woman'd.
Bia. Why I pray you?
Caſ. Not that I loue you not.
Bia. But that you doe not loue me:
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoone at night.

Caſ.

Caſ. Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but Ile ſee you ſoone.
Bia. Tis very good, I muſt be circumſtanc'd.

Actus 4. *Scœna* 1.

Enter Iago *and* Othello.

Iag. WIll you thinke ſo?
Oth. Thinke ſo *Iago.*
Iag. What, to kiſſe in priuate?
Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kiſſe.
Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?
Oth. Naked a bed *Iago,* and not meane harme?
It is hipocriſie againſt the deuill:
They that meane vertuouſly, and yet doe ſo,
The deuill their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen.
Iag. Soe they doe nothing, tis a veniall ſlip;
But if I giue my wife a handkerchiefe.
Oth. What then?
Iag. Why then tis hers my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I thinke, beſtow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectreſſe of her honour too,
May ſhe giue that?
Iag. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not:
But for the handkerchiefe.
Oth. By heauen, I would moſt gladly haue forgot it:
Thou ſaidſt (O it comes ore my memory,
As doth the Rauen o're the infected houſe,
Boding to all.) He had my handkerchiefe.
Iag. I, what of that?
Oth. That's not ſo good now.
Iag. What If I had ſaid I had ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay, (as knaues be ſuch abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate ſuite,